

as in showing mercy
to newborn foxes

keeping them dry

Letter to M. M.

I begin to wonder.
Something speaks through the poet
That the machine would destroy.
No one's mechanized true art
And survived.
Even the architect
Knows there are no moving parts
In the blueprint.
Who creates with stone
Creates the very stone himself.
We take its life,
Remold it in our ways.
The soul cannot be mechanized.
Oh this age is a pitiful time for men.
They look away.

for -- . having decided to leave a "sick" society to
develop her art in Finland. being "better than the
trash asking a minimum annual income so they can sit
on their asses"

this art shall lack compassion.
therefore I suggest
you do not take it to a cold climate.
it will be welcomed here.

having made love

I have nothing to write

later
at the bus
two people ask directions.

"Sierra" "Sierra" "Sierra."

Then you said
the word itself
was "mountain."
Compare the sounds.
On which of these did Moses stand?
The child Oedipus lay exposed?
Heidi play?